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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





Yours. truly
Thos. P. Barnes

SOUTHERN

— AND —

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS,

— BY —

THOS. Q. BARNES,

MOBILE, ALA.

235071

MOBILE, ALA.:

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1886.

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1886,
BY THOS. Q. BARNES.

Benjamin Motte

10th June 1888

Mr. Thos. Q. Barnes

Dear Sir,

My serious ill-
ness has caused delay in ac-
knowledging letters, even when as
complimentary as yours

I shall feel honoured by the
proposed dedication of your forth-
coming volume -

Very Respectfully
Jefferson Motte

INTRODUCTION.

IN placing this book before the public it has been my greatest aim to embody the truth in every thing that will be found herein, but how I have succeeded I will leave for my readers to determine. As it is my first attempt at book-writing, should I not meet the expectation of those who peruse its pages, I beg leave to crave their indulgence for any short comings.

When one does the best he can,
No more can be expected of any man.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Southrons all bewail the loss
Of a hero, true and brave,
For Stonewall Jackson has run his course,
He rests now in his grave.

His spirit hath flown far away
To regions in the skies,
And now in his narrow bed of clay,
That once famed warrior lies.

Oft did he the battles win,
Oft did he rout the foe,
But now he has left this world of sin,
For a better one, we know.

All by his own companions shot,
It was in the fatal fray,
It was our hero's unhappy lot
To lose his life that way.

He knew no dangers during life,
A hero bold was he,
He entered into the deadly strife,
He met the foe with glee.

It was at midnight's solemn hour,
When the battle raged so hot
And deadly missiles around did pour,
Our hero he was shot.

Long be remembered Stonewall,
The bravest of the brave,
Who in the battle's heat did fall,
His country for to save.

WHEN THAT CRUEL WAR BEGUN.

The tocsin of war, it sounded its knell
O'er the length and the breadth of our sunny
land,
The sons of the South knew then full well
That peace it was over and war was at hand.

They girded their armor to prepare for the fray,
To their friends and their homes they bid adieu,
They marched to the front all clad in their grey
To contest for their rights against the men clad
in blue.

Though great were the odds with which they had
to contend,
Like Spartans of old they were a brave band,
Their homes and their friends they swore to defend
And drive the intruder from their Southern land.

On the field of Manassas they first met the foe,
His numbers were legion, his appearance was
grand,
But the sons of the South fought for freedom, you
know,
They cared not for numbers, that brave Spartan
band.

When night spread its pall o'er that gory plain,
Many a brave hero in death did lay low,
But the sons of the South had fought not in vain,
They had routed and conquered that terrible foe.

Many a home was left void at the end of that day,
Many a heart it did ache for the loss of a friend,
A soldier who fell all clad in his grey
Who went to the front his home to defend.

Let the loved ones at home kneel and offer a prayer
For the rest of that hero who fell in the fray,
May God in His mercy His blessings not spare
On the sons of the South who fell clad in their
grey.

RE-UNION.

They have met together in friendship true,
Those that were foes of the by-gone day,
Some, you know, were clad in blue,
Whilst others were clad in grey.

They struggled hard on many a field,
Each thought his cause was true,
But those clad in grey they had to yield
To the heroes clad in blue.

In brotherly love they dwell once more,
Let by-gone times then be forgot,
Think not again of those days of yore
When battles raged so hot.

When foe met foe on the stubborn field,
In the heat of the hard fought battle,
When each tried to make the other yield,
Midst the din of the musket's rattle.

But glorious re-union has come at last,
May nothing the new bond of friendship sever.
Bid eternal farewell to times gone past,
May re-union live forever and forever.

COMRADES.

Comrades, you have camped together,
 You have fought side by side,
In the midst of stormy weather,
 You have stemmed the battle's tide.

You have shared your scanty ration,
 You have foraged far and near,
But mayhap on some plantation,
 Some of you have met good cheer.

You have seen your comrades falling,
 Falling round you thick and fast,
But those times that were appalling,
 Comrades, they are gone and past.

All have known that man of Southern fame,
Let his name be spoke with due applause.
Comrades, Jefferson Davis is the name
Of the chief commander of our lost cause.

You have heard the muskets rattle,
Some have seen the glorious Lee,
Some did see that hard fought battle
On that great ship Tennessee.

Some have seen those naval commanders,
Buchanan, Maffet, Fry, and the gallant Semmes.
Comrades, they were second Leanders,
Some have served along with them.

Some have seen the glorious Stonewall,
Some have fought beneath his flag,
All have seen their country's downfall,
Some have served with General Bragg.

But let us not forget another,
Who to the Southern cause was true and good.
Comrades, I mean our soldier brother,
That never-to-be-forgotten General Hood.

Think again of that son of Erin.
Comrades, you know whom I do mean.
He was one there was no fear in,
In the midst of the battle he was always seen.

Remember, comrades, another one,
With veneration let his name be spoke,
For many's the gallant deed he done,
That Christian General, Leonidas Polk.

Let Rhodes' name be not forgot,
Among our heroes, true and brave,
For ever where the fight raged hot,
The Alabamian's sword was seen to wave.

Remember our Johnsons, Early, Price, and others,
Heroes that always fought so hard,
Let us not forget that brave one, brothers,
Louisiana's great soldier, General Beauregard.

Comrades, still there were many others,
That were heroes, true and brave,
But now they are resting with their brothers,
Each one fills a soldier's grave.

Let us not forget the private soldier, then,
Those men of courage great,
Who left the book, the plough and pen,
Each one to battle for his State.

But now that cruel war is ended,
In your peaceful homes once more you dwell,
Let love with peace be firmly blended,
To by-gone times then say farewell.

A TRIBUTE TO THE SOLDIERS OF LEE.

Gathered together here I see
Old soldiers, true and tried,
Paying homage to the name of Lee,
Every Southern soldier's pride.

Many hardships you did undergo,
Such as men do seldom see,
But bravely you bore all, you know,
Under the leadership of Lee.

In times when hunger you could scarce appease,
Quite happy you seemed to be,
For you knew contentment it did please
Your grand old General Lee.

On many a hard-fought battlefield,
In many a fatal fray,
Those clad in blue they had to yield
To you heroes clad in grey.

But the time did come that you had to yield,
It was a solemn sight to see,
How on that morn, on that tented field,
He sheathed the unblemished sword of Lee.

When from this life you pass away
May your children's proud words be,
Our fathers nobly wore the grey,
They were soldiers of the immortal Lee.

Comrades, now my best I have done,
Though poor my efforts may be,
To pay a just tribute to each and every one
Of the soldiers that followed Lee.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance is a blessing,
Deny that fact none can ;
What pleasure in addressing
A good and temperate man.
His senses are all about him,
He knows just what he says,
His neighbors do not scout him
On account of evil ways.
Temperance is a virtue
That some men don't possess ;
A drop of liquor will not hurt you,
If not taken in excess.
A sober man is respected
Wherever he may be.

His home it is not neglected,
And it is a pleasant sight to see
How his wife does come to greet him.
When he takes his evening chair
His children run to meet him,
The envied kiss to share.
These few lines I have written
I offer free to every one.
My conscience is not smitten
If no good I have done,
For it is with the best of nature
That this advice I give,
Unto my fellow creature,
A temperate life to live.
Now, my advice to all mankind
Is the flowing bowl to shun,
And in the end they will find
The good deed they have done.

A MAN'S TRUE FRIEND.

When a man is clothed in raiment fine,
Every one you know does greet him,
Their smiles upon his face do shine,
Every where they meet him.

He thinks each one his true friend,
But he will find he is mistaken,
For if in poverty his days should end,
By them he will be forsaken.

Besides mother, there is but one true friend on
earth,
And that friend's name is Cash,
If of that with you there be a dearth,
You are looked upon as trash.

Those that round you cringe and fawn,
They no good to you intend,
For it is the truth as sure as man is born,
That money is his only friend.

If it becomes a man's lot
During life to need a friend,
If money in his purse he has got,
On that he can depend.

There are some cases, but they are very rare,
Where one will help his fellow man,
And what he has with him will share
As liberally as he can.

There is truth in all these lines, you see,
Now, with these few words I will end,
Whatever your station in life may be,
You will find money your truest friend.

THE ONLY TRUE LOVE.

Earthly love is but a flickering flame,
That burns awhile then dies away ;
Earthly love is but an empty name,
There is truth, you know, in what I say.

There is but one true sort of love—
The love of Heaven—and no other ;
Regard well the precepts from above,
With charity treat your brother.

Do unto others as you would be done unto,
It is the greatest precept taught ;
For by so doing all will know
Your mind with Heavenly love is fraught.

For love of us our Saviour died
To save us sinners here below ;
Amidst persecution our Saviour cried—
Forgive them, Lord, they know not what
they do.

By the blood which from His wounds did flow,
Pierced by the cruel nail ;
For us He shed that blood, you know,
Then let us in charity to others not fail.

Let us emulate our Saviour, then,
Who dwells in realms above ;
For by living in charity with our fellow-men
We die possessed of Heavenly love.

THE FORGOTTEN NAME OF SEMMES

Historians write of times gone by,
And of heroes that valiant deeds have done;
But can you tell the reason why
They forget that glorious naval one,
Who lays now in his lonely grave,
And sleeps his last long sleep:
Semmes, that heroic sailor brave,
That second Nelson of the deep.

No monument does mark the spot
Where he in his silent grave does sleep,
And by his country is forgot—
That naval hero of the deep.

None but dear friends can point the grave,
And strangers cannot tell
Where rests that heroic sailor brave,
Who done his duty well.

We read of heroes who fought on land,
And of the many valiant deeds they done,
But of him who on his lonely deck did stand
Of his deeds in history's pages we find none ;
But let us, on some near by day,
Erect a fitting monument to his name,
That those that see it then can say
There stands that hero of naval fame.

Let us to succeeding ages
Hand down a record, and a truthful one,
That they may read in history's pages
Of the valiant deeds that he has done.
With his lone bark upon the deep,
To his foeman he struck dismay,
As o'er the ocean he did sweep
And hold them all at bay.

But the strong, you know, beat down the weak,
Though brave the weak may be,
And for extermination the strong do seek,
And to drive the weak from land and sea;
Thus fared our hero on one bright morn,
'Midst the din of warlike clamor,
When across to Cherbourg the sounds of strife
were borne
Between the Kearsage and Semmes' far-
famed Alabama.

THE MONUMENT OF LEE.

Behold that shaft of spotless white,
As on Southern soil it stands ;
Erected to a hero bright,
By loving Southern hands.

That statue placed upon its crest
Is of one we loved to see,
When he in his Southern grey was dressed ;
It is the statue of our Lee.

We have hailed our chief on many a day,
That Soldier good and true ;
Loved by his comrades clad in grey,
Honored by the men in blue.

The world at large does homage yield
To that Confederate brave,
Who fought on many a bloody field,
His country for to save.

We have followed our chief on many a day,
Beneath Virginia's skies ;
But now in a narrow bed of clay
Our once famed chieftain lies.

Now that those times of peace have come,
Let his name not forgotten be ;
But let us in every Southern clime
Offer a Prayer for the rest of Lee.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Gather together, men and women brave,
Due homage for to pay
To each and every soldier's grave,
On this Memorial day.

When you place an offering on the grave,
Likewise offer up a prayer
For the rest of that soldier brave
Who sleeps so soundly there.

For beneath those mounds our heroes rest,
The young soldier and the one grown hoary ;
Each and every one tried his best
To cover himself with glory. •

Then let us on each coming year
Pay homage to those it 's due ;
Let us water with a tear
The graves of our comrades true.

When from this life we pass away,
By our children may it be said—
That they will on each Memorial day
Pay homage to our noble dead.

VICKSBURG.

[Composed during the Siege.]

The Southern Gibraltar defiantly did stand,
Although attacked in front and rear by a mighty
Northern band.

They tried all by the arts of war,
Our queen of cities to subdue,
But oft had been repulsed before,
By our soldiers brave and true.

The very name of Vicksburg strikes terror to their
breast,
For it is Mississippi's stronghold that on the hill
does rest.

It stands alone majestic, the pride of that noble stream,

Seen in all its splendor when the glorious sun does beam.

It was once a quiet city that on the brow did stand,
But now it is a place in arms to repel the foeman's hand.

Our brothers once in peace did dwell,

They dreaded the sound of war,

But now they have been in battle,

They dread that sound no more.

They have sworn all by a sacred oath,

Their homes and friends to shield,

And not until the last is gone,

Will Vicksburg ever yield.

AN ODE TO THE LIBERTY BELL.

[The words of this Ode suggested themselves to the writer upon looking at the bell as it passed through Mobile on its way to the Exposition at New Orleans.]

From its brazen mouth a joyful peal was rung,
A century and more ago,
Proclaiming to all, both old and young,
The glorious name of Liberty, you know.

A young republic then was born,
Freed from the tyrant's sway,
But those that saw that glorious morn,
From life have passed away.

For years since then have passed away,
Since it pealed forth that glorious knell,
But let us that are here due homage pay
To the grand old Liberty Bell.

THE TOMB OF LEE.

In that Virginian church beneath the hill,
Comrades, pause and see,
The tomb of a hero, cold and still,
For it is the tomb of Lee.

He was a Christian, good and true,
A soldier brave was he ;
Then on that tomb fresh flowers strew,
For it is the tomb of Lee.

Loved by his comrades, young and old,
That soldier true and free,
Full many a tale it might be told
O'er the tomb of Lee.

But let our hero soundly sleep
Beneath that church roof tree,
Whilst angels round the spot do keep
Watch, o'er the tomb of Lee.

YOU WILL NOT REGRET.

Regret, it is but a solemn word,
It makes the heart feel sad,
Still by us it is often heard,
It were better it never had.

This world is but a world of sin,
With troubles it is beset,
But do your best while here within
And you will not regret.

Meet all misfortunes with a good heart,
All troubles soon forget,
All through life act well your part,
And you will not regret.

Serve well your Maker during life,
His great precepts don't forget,
Avoid all quarrels, beware of strife,
And you will not regret.

If trouble during life does come,
Why try it to forget,
And you will find that from your home
You will banish the word Regret.

ONLY A DRUNKEN SAILOR.

Shipmates all and brother sailors,

 Pay attention unto me,

While I tell you about the railers

 Of us men that go to sea.

Whilst they upon their beds are lying,

 Covered warm and fast asleep,

Us poor fellows hard are trying,

 To plough our way across the deep.

See them clothed in their rich dresses ;

 See them sipping their bohea ;

Little they think of the distresses

 Of fetching those things across the sea.

Whilst they do live a life of ease,
We with dangers are surrounded,
Tossed about on angry seas,
On ocean's space so widely bounded.

When we reach our destined port,
It is then that you can hear the railer,
If in trouble poor Jack is caught,
"Oh, it's nothing but a drunken sailor."

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that banner, guard it well,
Let not its folds be stained,
For many a tale that flag can tell
Of battles lost and gained.

It has waved o'er many a gory plain,
Amidst showers of shot and shell,
But never will it wave again,
That flag we loved so well.

Beneath its folds of red, white and blue,
Many a brave hero fell,
A hero to the cause so true,
That cause he loved so well.

That flag it waved so proudly
When our cruel war begun,
When the boom of cannon sounded loudly,
It floated at Bull Run.

At the first Manassas,
It waved high in the air,
At Gettysburg and the Wilderness,
That dear old flag was there.

At Harper's Ferry and Seven Pines,
Again that flag we see,
It floated proudly o'er the lines
Commanded by our Lee.

In Richmond's bloody struggle,
That flag it waved on high,
On the banks of the broad Potomac,
So proudly did it fly.

Again with gallant Stonewall
And his Southern men so brave,
In the battles of Virginia,
That dear old flag did wave.

But now that war is over,
Peace reigns on our shore,
Furl that banner tightly,
For it will wave no more.

Guard that banner safely,
Although with shots it is torn,
That flag it may be conquered,
But of its beauty it is not shorn.

THE DEATH WATCH.

[Composed while watching the body of Father Ryan, the poet-priest.]

We our solemn watch are keeping,
Around our beloved prelate's bier,
Who in death is calmly sleeping,
He whom we all loved so dear.

Soon from our gaze he will be hid
Away beneath the cold sod,
On earth he done as he was bid,
Now he has gone to meet his God.

Father Ryan, poet-priest,
Loved by lowly men and great,
Let us grieve not in the least
To see you lying in solemn state.

For your mission here is ended,
And your work on earth is done,
May your soul with bliss be blended,
Is the prayer of every one.

Farewell, priest and gifted poet,
All to you now say farewell,
For thou art gone, we think we know it,
To realms above where angels dwell.

THE SWORD OF LEE.

By purer hand sword ne'er was drawn,
Nor by Christian truer than he,
A braver man was never born
Than drew the sword of Lee.

A chieftain to the manor born,
A soldier brave was he,
When times with us they were forlorn,
He waved the sword of Lee.

In our country's darkest day,
Our hero then we see,
And despair it passed away
When he drew the sword of Lee.

All Nations to him homage pay,
His praises are sung o'er every sea,
For none more nobly won the grey
Than him that waved the sword of Lee.

When that great struggle it did end,
And peace came o'er land and sea,
Then in submission he did bend
And sheathed the untarnished sword of Lee.

AN APPEAL FOR IRELAND.

[These lines were composed during the last famine in Ireland.]

Listen to the sounds of wailing
Coming from across the sea,
Erin's crops all are failing,
Leaving her sons in poverty.

Many of them now are dying,
Dying for the want of bread,
Let us all then be trying,
That the hungry may be fed.

Let us all, both rich and poor,
Do the best that e'er we can,
To keep starvation from the door
Of our suffering fellow-man.

Freight our ships with meat and bread,
Send them quickly across the sea,
That the hungry may be fed
From this land of liberty.

Strong men by the way are falling,
Mothers their children cannot nurse,
And the sight, it is appalling,
Every day it is growing worse.

Let us use our best endeavor
To help our brothers in the mother-land,
For the smallest gift whatever,
God will bless the giving hand.

The widow's mite was not rejected,
Think of her in times gone by,
Charity by God it is not neglected,
To do our best then let us try.

[The following lines were composed in 1884 on the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Lee, and delivered at the annual dinner of the Lee Association in Mobile.

Once again we are gathered here,
To commemorate the time, I say,
When a chieftain to his country dear,
First saw the light of day.

Loved by every class of men,
That soldier, true and free,
Let us pay due homage, then,
To the name of our glorious Lee.

His presence made all hearts feel glad,
His was a noble form to see,
Braver leader men never had,
Than that grand old General Lee.

Since from this life he has passed away,
Let his name not be forgot
By those who nobly wore the grey,
When battles raged so hot.

But let us on each coming year,
Gathered together be,
To pay homage to one we loved so dear,
That grand old R. E. Lee.

THE BURIAL OF FATHER RYAN.

[The late Father Ryan, poet-priest, was buried in the midst of a heavy thunder storm. The following lines on his burial are composed in accordance with the day.]

Now we see our loved priest laying,
Laying clasped in death's embrace,
But a smile seems to be playing,
Playing o'er his placid face.

Now we hear the bell a tolling,
Tolling for that priest that is dead,
Now we hear the thunder rolling,
Rolling heavy over head.

Now we see the rain fast falling,
Falling on our priest and poet's bier,
But the angels, they are calling,
Calling him we loved so dear.

Soon from our sight he will be going,
Going to be laid beneath the sod,
But let us grieve not for we are knowing
That he has gone to meet his God.

True, on earth no more we will greet him,
No more we will clasp his loving hand,
But in times to come we hope to meet him,
Meet him in a brighter land.

Let us not then be repining,
Repining for our priest that is dead,
For he has gone where the sun is shining,
Shining brightly overhead.

But whilst on earth we are staying,
Let us strive to do our best,
And let us oftentimes be praying,
That his soul has gone to rest.

THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

I pine for the home of my childhood, the land of
my birth,

The dearest of spots to me on earth,

Where my mother watched o'er me and taught me
the prayer,

As I knelt at her feet by the side of her chair.

Life then to me was a life full of joy,

When Father caressed me and called me his boy,

I sported all day and romped on the green,

No troubles on earth by me were then seen.

But the time it did come when my parents did go,

And left me an orphan and homeless, you know,

To fight my own way in the battle of life,

Through this cold, cruel world of derision and
strife.

An orphan and wanderer through the world I now
roam,

And not a place in it that I can call home.

Often is the time that I wished I were dead,

For the path of the orphan is a hard path to tread.

But I will put my trust in our God in Heaven
above,

Who Has promised that us creatures on earth He
will love,

To obey His great precepts I will try my best,

And hope for reward when from my wanderings
I rest.

When the time it does come that I am called for
to go,

I hope to meet once again my loved parents, you
know,

Who are dwelling, I hope, with God in Heaven
above,

No orphans are there, but all is contentment and
love.

A WEDDING SONNET.

You, my two friends, that are just made one,
May your future course be smoothly run,
May nothing ever mar your life,
May you live happy as man and wife, •
May children bless your aged days.
Children brought up in God's good ways,
May you have the wish of every friend,
That on you both his choicest blessings God will
send.

*WE MISS HER FROM THE OLD ARM
CHAIR.*

No more we will see the loving face
Of her that watched us with tender care.

We miss her from her accustomed place,
In her seat in the old arm chair.

No more good advice to us she'll give,
Nor teach us precepts rare,
And whilst on earth we do live,
We will miss her from her old arm chair.

But we know she dwells in Heaven above,
And watches with tender care
O'er those on earth whom she did love,
Those that miss her from her old arm chair.

When the time does come that we are called to go,
We hope to meet her there,
Where, joined together again, you know,
We will not miss her from the old arm chair.

*WHEN THE GREEN FLAG WAVES
O'ER THE EMERALD ISLE.*

Men of Ireland, Celtic sons,
To whom so many wrongs are done,
Revere the one who now nobly fights
For that great boon, the freeman's rights.

O'Connell tried the same thing to do.
So did Robert Emmet, too,
But of success they each had none.
Now comes along the great Gladstone.

Honor the ground on which he does stand,
Fighting for the freedom of your land,
And do the best that you all can,
To aid the efforts of that grand old man.

Though British bayonets they may shine,

And red-coated men be drawn in line.

Fear them not, you sons of Celt,

For retribution will be dealt.

Dealt for the great wrongs of the past,

And freedom to you will come at last.

A glorious sight will then be seen,

When the blood-red flag is changed for the green.

A noble anthem will then arise,

Its notes will soar up to the skies,

And the tenor of that song will be,

Hurra! hurra! for Ireland is free!

When that glorious time does come,

And you all do live in your own free home,

Then, men of Ireland, do the best you can,

And pray for the rest of that grand old man.

There is still another, he is a man of fame,
That Irish patriot, Parnell's his name.
Forget him not, you Celtic sons,
Nor all the good deeds he has done.

But when the green flag waves o'er your Emerald
Isle,
And prosperity on you all does smile,
Remember those heroes who done their best,
And pray that their souls may be at rest.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Our Father in Heaven, in every clime adored,
Our great Creator, Jehovah, God,
Thou from whom all blessings flow
Upon us creatures here below.
May Thy name all hallowed be,
Now and throughout eternity,
May Thy glorious Kingdom come,
To be our great and Heavenly home.
As in Heaven Thy will is done,
So may it be on earth by every one.
Vouchsafe, Oh, Lord, to us to give
Our daily bread by which we live.
Forgive our trespasses unto you,

Teach us to forgive others, too,
From temptations keep us away,
Into evil paths let us not stray,
That we may inherit Thy Kingdom of glory with
Thee.

Oh, teach us good Lord what our duties be.

ADIEU.

My book, kind friends, now is ended,
I have tried my best to do.
To write this book I never intended,
Until urged by not a few.

For writing books is not my forte,
I cannot say this one is good,
But in my childhood I was taught,
To always do the best I could.

Now, dear readers, I crave your pardon,
If the book does not suit you,
And I beg you'll not be hard on
The one who now bids you

ADIEU.

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